

DOCTOR • WHO

THE MONSTER UPSTAIRS

PART ONE

Earth, England...

Tonight.

This is *33 Venture Drive*, home of the *Hopley* family...

This is *John* and *Melissa* Hopley, with their daughter *Violet*.

Violet's doing her *homework* and looking forward to her *10th birthday* next week.

Dad - how d'you spell "*utopia*"?

Like it *sounds*.

Violet, do me a *favour*, love - pop upstairs and fetch my magazine. The new one, with *Johnny Depp* on the cover.

Oh, but *Mum*...

Never mind, "Oh, but *Mum*..."!

But I'm *scared*...

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Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
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Now, now, Violet.
That's enough of *that*!
There's *nothing* to be
scared of. Go up and
get your Mum's mag,
there's a *good girl*.
And say hi to Johnny
Depp for me while
you're at it.



But you don't
understand.
I'm *scared* to
go upstairs.

Come on, Vi...
You're nearly *ten*! Bit
old to be frightened of
the *bogeyman* now.



But you don't
know what's *up*
there! You don't
know about the
monster...!

Rubbish - you keep
telling us about
the monster. But
I've never seen it
and neither's your
Mum... You've got
an *overactive*
imagination, that's
your trouble. Too
much *telly*!



I know you
don't *believe* in
monsters - but
it's *there* all the
same...

Knock!
Knock!



Knock!
Knock!
Knock!

All right, all
right, I'm coming.
What's the -



- hurry?
Oof!
Steady on!
What the...?

'Scuse me!
Coming through!
Emergency!
Honestly, it *is*
important!

CRASH!



John, what on Earth's going on?

I've no idea!

I'm the *Doctor* - I've been tracking the energy signature of a *rogue Extron parasite*...

... and right now it's *upstairs* in your house!



What are you *talking* about? We never *called* for any doctor... !



And upstairs...

Hello! What's *your* name, then?

Violet...



Actually, I was talking to *that*.

But Violet's a *lovely name*. Great *colour*, too, one of my favourites. You can call me the Doctor.

Stand away from the human child! I must have a clear *transference field*!



Violet, meet the *Extron* - one big bundle of *fizzy alien anger* trying to lock on to your *human energy pattern*.

Help!





That's my *daughter* you're talking about!

Yes, I know. The transmutation is *easier* if the prey is *very young*. The Extron homes in on a *suitable target* and simply teleports in...



It's been trying to *break through* here for some time, gaining strength, precisely positioning itself for the *transmutation*.



But where has it *come from*?

Another *galaxy*, originally. This particular chap is an *escaped prisoner*, on the run from the galactic penal institute of *Inkarsera*.

You mean it's not just a *space alien* - but a *criminal* as well?



Move aside!
I must transmute *immediately!*

Sorry - this is the *end of the line* for you, Extron. I'm taking you *back* to Inkarsera - *tonight!*



I think *not!* You do not have the *authority!* Where is your *biometric tag*?

As I *thought!*
You are *powerless!*
Now *move aside!*

Ah - erm... in my other jacket?

